

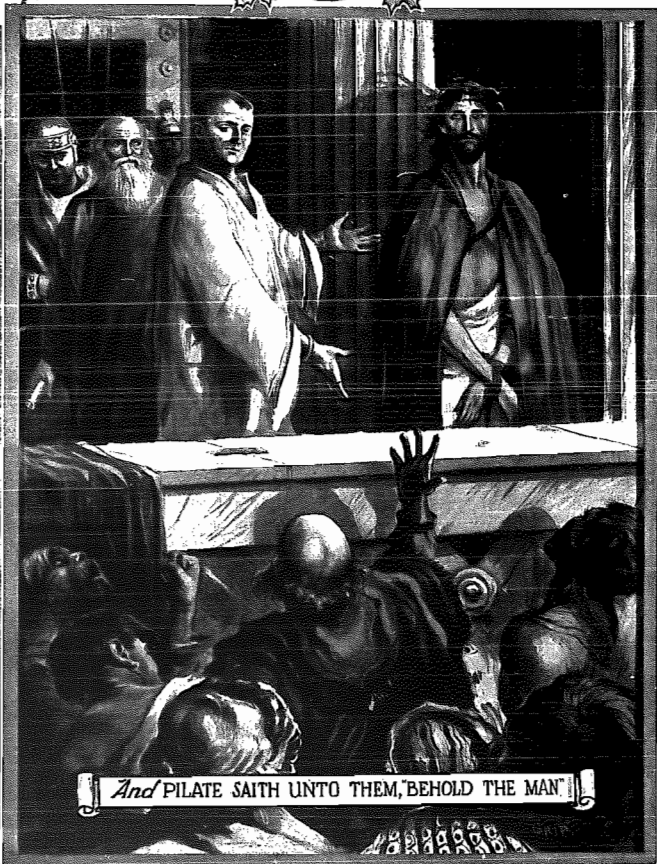
The WAR CRY

THIRTIETH YEAR

TORONTO, MARCH 22<sup>nd</sup> 1913.

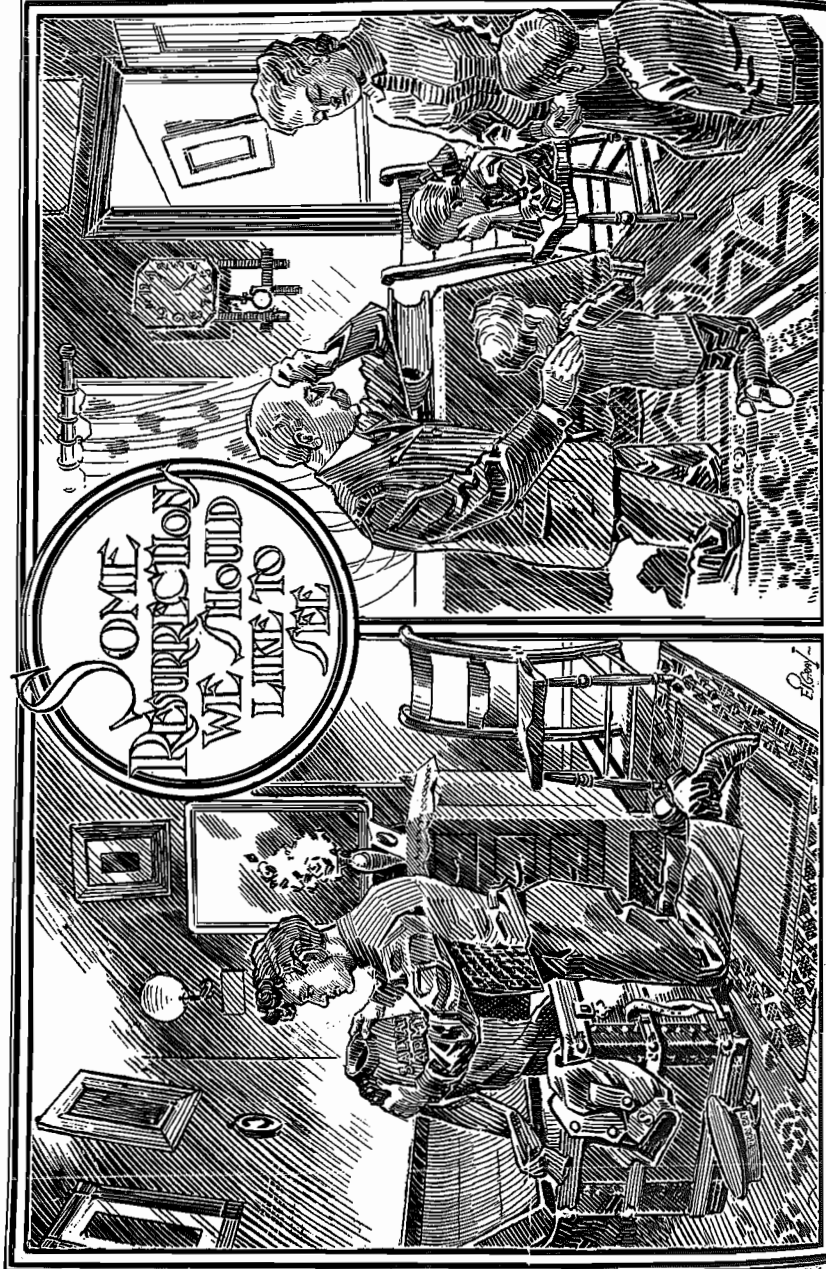
PRICE FIVE CENTS

# The WAR CRY



*And PILATE SAITH UNTO THEM, 'BEHOLD THE MAN'*

## EASTER NUMBER



BY THE COMMISSIONER.

**T**HE Army Spirit is a thing which I shall describe. It is something which characterizes the true Salvationist, who is alive to his responsibility, wherever he may be and whatever his circumstances. But to define the distinctive quality in a phrase is not so easy as it may seem.

Perhaps I can best explain what it means to myself by recalling a few examples of The Army Spirit which have come under my own notice.

It is, I should say, then, a spirit which, in its determination to do the will of God and get other people to do that will, is ready to take risks, and even to attempt the impossible.

When I was Principal of the International Training College we had with us in one session a Danish sailor, a converted drunkard. He had been in England some little time, and, being accepted for Officership in that country, was brought into training at Clapton.

But it really seemed that someone had blundered. His knowledge of English was most limited. He could not profit by the lessons and lectures, for the simple reason that he did not understand the language in which they were given. He was good, but we could not imagine what he would do as an Officer. Two or three times his name was submitted to me with a proposal that he should be told, as kindly as possible, that he was not suitable for Officership, and he given a suggestion that he should return to the sea.

Following Mysterious Footprints.

For some reason however, we did not like to take the extreme measure, and while we were hesitating (Colonel Dean and I) it became still more difficult for us to deal with him.

We found that someone was frequenting one of the dark lumber rooms, as they were then, in the basement of the Training College.

We traced footprints round to this dark little room, and saw that someone was evidently using it as a place for private prayer. Who could it be? Our inquiries revealed the fact that it was none other than our backwater Danish Cadet! Hour after hour, we discovered he was spending in prayer in this secluded place.

How could we send him home after such a discovery? In the end, therefore, he was commissioned as Lieutenant in charge of a village in the Home Counties.

What did he do? Preach, he could not. But he prayed with the villagers, and for them, too. He visited them most diligently. He talked to them of their need of God, of their sins, of Heaven, and of Hell: but, what is more, he worked with them in the fields, he dug their gardens, he cleaned out their stables, and, a handy man, there were very few things that he could not do.

He knew absolutely no fear; he was as ready to stop the squire in his carriage and speak to him of spiritual concerns as he was prepared to help the humblest villager.

The result was that with all his limitations he was loved and respected as few of his predecessors had been, and he started a wonderful work of soul-saving in the village—so wonderful that

[What is The Army Spirit? Even those who watch the Salvationist at a distance are conscious of the fact that there is something which distinguishes him from other Christian men who are marching towards the same goal.

But they find it difficult to give expression to that peculiar and striking characteristic. And Salvationists, while they know well enough what is always expected of them as responsible Soldiers of The Army, are often unable to describe the spirit that makes them so different from other people.

What has the Commissioner to say on the subject? Everyone who knows him at all knows that he is, through and through, a characteristic Salvationist, a leader who in himself and his work is one of the best embodiments of that spirit to be found. We asked him to describe, for the benefit of "The War Cry," some everyday manifestations of The Army Spirit as he had seen them in his long and active career.

Here is the result.—Ed.]

When, before the Officer left, the Chief of the Staff (our present General) went down to the Corps to conduct a swearing-in of Soldiers, he found three hundred men and women converts awaiting him and the swearing-in ceremony had come to conduct.

It is a spirit of Practical Service. One of our Swedish Divisional Officers once asked me, in passing between two big centres of population, to stop for an afternoon meeting in a little cathedral city where "The Army" was having a stiff fight. "You will get very few people," he said, "but you will help and cheer the Officers, two devoted young women. And then before the



Photo American Colony, Jerusalem. THE ECCLE HOMO ARCH, JERUSALEM. The narrow road along which it is supposed that Jesus passed on to His Crucifixion.

day for my visit arrived such were his fears that he tried to cancel the appointment, but I had promised, and must go. It turned out, however, that the Divisional Officer was not so well informed of the conditions as he had thought.

In going from the railway depot he and I were astonished to see that, beginning with the superintendent, and all the way to the quarters, the people were saluting the Captain and Lieutenant. A great change must surely have come over the city in its attitude towards The Army.

Then, while waiting for meeting time, we were still more surprised to hear one of the Local Officers inform the Captain that the Hall, even at that unusual hour, was full. We could not understand it.

Once in the meeting, however, the secret was revealed, for in a prominent position sat a converted drunkard with his wife and children; and it was the Captain's capture of this man and his family that had startled the city.

I afterwards made the Captain tell me how it came about.

She said that when passing a house one evening he heard a woman's screams of "Murder!" from within. The neighbours were standing around terror-stricken; some had gone for the police. She went in at once, and stood between the man and woman who were fighting and struggling. The husband was mad with drink. The Captain tried to quieten him, and in time succeeded. Then she stayed with the couple all night, and never left the house until the man had not only bitterly repented of his folly and cruelty, but had also claimed the pardon of God.

Greatest Wonder in That City.

Seeing the great change in the husband, the wife, too, was converted before long. And such had been the man's character that the people of the city were full of wonder. They were there, fore coming to the Hall to see him and hear his testimony.

It is worth mentioning, by the way, that this was a military city, and among others who had been thus attracted to the meetings were the officer commanding the garrison, with his daughter. They were greatly impressed, and, to the story short, the daughter is now a Captain in The Salvation Army.

It is a spirit of Self-Sacrifice.

When I was in charge of our work in South Africa, two bright young men Officers, who had just been sent to a Corps in the Eastern Provinces, wired to say that smallpox had broken out and that our Hall was being taken as a temporary hospital.

Meetings were forbidden, and it seemed that we could only bring the Officers away so as not to lose their services. They did not think so, however, for they wired to me asking permission to place themselves at the disposal of the authorities for the work of nursing the smallpox patients.

I sent a long reply, in which I warned the young men of the risks they were taking. They replied that they had thought the matter out, and were prepared to accept any consequences.

[Continued on Page 16.]

# Our Bandsmen and Songsters

## THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S VOW.

COLONEL MITCHELL, when in Canada last year, told the following interesting story:

Some years ago the Officers and Soldiers of a Corps in the Midlands of England became deeply impressed with their music of a Band. Several of the Soldiers had a slight knowledge of music, and the Corps had a few instruments which, however, nobody could play!

One Sunday the Sergeant-Major, a man zealous for the cause of God, and somewhat more musically than the rest, ventured out to the open air meeting with an instrument. Two or three of the comrades followed his example, and together they essayed some of the simple song tunes, but came to grief every time.

Ashamed that they could not do better for their Corps and the sake of God's Kingdom, they trooped back to the Hall.

The Sergeant-Major was almost head-broken. He wrestled with God in prayer over the matter, and later on in the day went to one of the Soldiers who had taken part in that memorable open-air meeting, and who was as deeply concerned about the matter as himself, although sadly lacking in musical knowledge.

As the two walked homeward from the meeting, the Sergeant-Major said:

"I feel downright ashamed of this Band affair, don't you, Brother Jones? For a Corps the size of ours we ought to have a good Band which would, in a measure, bring us out of the despised condition we're now in. Can't we do something?"

They walked along in silence for a few moments, and then the Sergeant-Major said: "Brother Jones, if you will help me, I believe that by the grace of God, we can have a Band here. Are you prepared to stand by me?"

The two men halted and faced each other. Then grasping hands they vowed that, by God's help, they would never cease to work and pray until a good Band marched down the streets of their town.

And they lived to see their ambition realized. Night after night the Sergeant-Major spent in his home, instructing the men, who had "played" on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, in the art of music. Many months went by, and although there were no visible evidences of the Sergeant-Major's work, he plodded away, scarcely taking time for meals and proper sleep, so anxious and so determined was he to fulfil his vow.

God honoured the toil and prayers of the two humble Soldiers, and soon the Corps has a Band which is well and widely known all over England.

## A TYPICAL CANADIAN SONGSTER.

A TYPICAL Canadian Songster is Sister Mrs. Tuck, of Lisgar St., Corps, Toronto; typical, one might truthfully say, of hundreds of sweet singers and hard workers in the Corps in this Territory.

Before conversion, Mrs. Tuck often attended Army meetings, and as often was convicted of sin. One Sunday night, however, she gathered round her, and prayed until the Spirit of God compelled her to yield. She became a Soldier right away, to the positive surprise of her parents and relatives, whose attitude has now completely changed in favour of The Army.

Long before the Songster-Brigade was formed, Mrs. Tuck was working energetically in the



SISTER MRS. TUCK

Corps. She has in turn, been a Company Guard, "War Cry" Sergeant, and Visiting Sergeant, and although family duties keep her from doing anything in connection with the two first-named positions, she still visits any sick comrade or friend whenever possible.

Eighteen months ago when the Brigade was formed, Sister Margaret Barrett (now of West Toronto) Mrs. Tuck was selected for the treble clef position, in which she still sings. She also bears convincing testimony to the blessing of sanctification, and has the joy of seeing her husband still in the Band, of which he was one of the first members. Their three children are Juniors, for, after fifteen years of Salvation Army fighting, and as Soldiers, and now the Corps has a Band which is well and widely known all over England.

## THE BEST MUSIC FOR GOD.

WHAT a theme we have for our best music! The unspeakable love of God, the unspeakable riches of Christ! The joy of the angels in Heaven over every sinner that repenteth! The world sings its songs of unlovely love, of evil war or win, and often commands the use of good music. But the best belongs by right to God. In the name of God it must be held forth of and made to minister, not for the destruction but for the Salvation of those who hear. The most thrilling theme a human soul can listen to ought to be wedded to the best music human art has ever heard.

The best music always announces itself loudly, and so commands attention. A single string stretched on a wooden shoe, was said to be the only instrument used by the famous Paganini yet the sound of it was heard far and near. A wheezy harmonium in a village hall may be played as effectively and with grand spiritual results than a cathedral organ. A beautiful voice, lifted up in the Open-Air, even at a noisy street-corner, will arrest attention and hush other noises by the sheer force of its wisdom and searching power. Oh, the strength of sweet voices, especially when it is allied to loving and helpful service! Our happy, healthful, holy melodies have a strange carrying power. They reach not only the ears of sinners far away, but their hearts also.

## SCANDINAVIAN MUSICIANS.

THE Band connected with The Army's Scandinavian Corps in Winnipeg has an interesting, if brief, history. I began with the appointment to the Corps of Adjutant Karl Larsson, who, by the way, was a member of the Swedish Staff Band which attended the International Congress in London in 1904.

All the Bandsmen, including Swedes and Norwegians, are converts of the Corps since it was opened, and were under to play by the Adjutant. The instruments used and the music played came from The Army's Headquarters in Sweden. The Band made its first appearance in public during June, 1912.

In addition to the above, Staff-Captain Peacock (to whom we are indebted for this information) says:

"The Bandsmen are active Soldiers of the Corps, and turn out twice during the week and on Sundays. One of their number (the last player) has travelled for the Training College since the photograph was taken, but the Adjutant informs me that he has seen two more Bandsmen who do not appear in the photograph."

The Adjutant concludes the Staff-Captain's remarks by saying that the Adjutant of the Band is being made a source of inspiration to the Corps and to the district.



THE BAND ATTACHED TO THE WINNIPEG IV. (SCANDINAVIAN) CORPS. ADJUTANT LARSSON HOLDING BATON.

# Easter Scenes in Palestine

Specially written for the Canadian "War Cry" by Harold J. Shepstone

AT EASTERTIDE our thoughts naturally turn to the Holy Land and the scenes of the stirring events of the last earthly days of our Lord and Saviour. We think of the Last Supper in the upper room where "He took bread, and gave thanks, he brake it, and gave to them, saying, This is my body." We recall His agony in the garden, whilst His disciples slept. We think of Pontius Pilate, His crucifixion, and His resurrection; and we wonder whether any of the places connected with these momentous events are still to be traced, and what they look like to-day.

Let us then journey, in imagination, to this sacred land and visit the places made dear to us through their association with our Lord's passion. I know of no more instructive lesson to the Bible reader who is visiting the Holy Land than to take the New Testament and endeavour to find the places recorded in the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th chapters of St. Luke.

Here and there we may be a little disappointed, but our eyes will, nevertheless, behold scenes upon which our Saviour looked when on earth, and our feet will traverse some of the roads over which He walked.

## Spring-time in the Holy Land.

Early Spring is by far the best time of the year to visit Palestine. After the winter rains it is fresh and green. The air is filled with the scent of wild flowers, the song of birds, and the sound of bees buzzing insects. And as we make our pilgrimage from one sacred spot to another we seem again to hear the glorious proclamation: "He is risen!" We shall find the Holy City crowded, like at this season of the year, many thousands of pilgrims, chiefly from Russia, visit Jerusalem. Sometimes they are so

numerous, that accommodation in the city is exhausted and they have to camp by the roadside. At night at such times you may stroll through the avenues of sleeping pilgrims in the environs of Jerusalem. As you gaze upon them you marvel at their religious zeal and admire their simple faith.

For they have travelled hundreds of miles, many on foot, with only one object in view, and that is to gaze upon the Holy Sepulchre and kiss the traditional tomb of Christ.

The modern student who is endeavouring to trace the sacred sites of Palestine, particularly in the Holy City, must remember that when the Roman general, Titus, took Jerusalem he laid the city waste. He pulled down its mighty walls and towers, its glorious temple, its many synagogues, and carried the people into captivity. Then for a hundred years Jews and Christians were forbidden to enter the city, and when allowed to return no one was left who could point out to them the places that were to be sacred to their ancestors. We must also remember that the streets of Jerusalem of to-day are at least from 60 to 100 feet above the level of the Jerusalem of Christ's time.

[The tremendous facts of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection do not, in the least depend for confirmation upon the witness of the senses when Christ gazed upon it. As we behold the Mount from St. Stephen's Gate we remember that on his ascent David sinned, re-baptized and weeping, as he fled from Absalom his son. On its slopes, too, Christ sat and taught, uttering the tremendous prophecies of the 24th chapter of Matthew. Thence he journeyed to the summit, and up and down some of them, if not all of them, "those blessed feet" passed as the Master went in and came from Bethany during those hot days of His earthly life.]

Our late beloved General felt this when, years ago, he visited Calvary; and while we may not trace The General's steps through the city and its enchanting surroundings, we may in the light of articles such as the following make the Bible narrative of those last momentous days of our Lord much more real and vivid to our hearts and minds. It should be added that the writer of this paper has lived in Jerusalem.—Ed.]

With these things in mind, we make our way to a large group of buildings near the Zion Gate. Here is pointed out the upper room where Christ and His disciples partook of that memorable supper. It is a large room, evidently one of many ancient churches. Two pillars stand in the middle of the undorned apartment and semi-pillars with curious capitals project from the walls. A stone is pointed out as being the one on which the Lord sat. We know, of course, that these things are only traditional, but they bring home to us in a very vivid way the story of the first Easter and the sufferings of our Lord and Saviour.

But if the cities of Palestine have changed with the elapse of time, its mountains and hills, its

valleys, streams, rivers, and lakes have not, and the Mount of Olives upon which is located the Garden of Gethsemane is precisely the same as when Christ gazed upon it. As we behold the Mount from St. Stephen's Gate we remember that on his ascent David sinned, re-baptized and weeping, as he fled from Absalom his son. On its slopes, too, Christ sat and taught, uttering the tremendous prophecies of the 24th chapter of Matthew. Thence he journeyed to the summit, and up and down some of them, if not all of them, "those blessed feet" passed as the Master went in and came from Bethany during those hot days of His earthly life.

We walk up the Mount and enter the Garden. We cannot be certain that this is the actual site of the garden, but if it is not the exact spot it must have been somewhere close by. Surrounded by a high wall, it is but a small plot of ground, containing nicely-arranged flower beds and three or four very old olive trees. These trees are known to be very ancient, probably off-springs of those that flourished in the days of Christ. Here, then, or close by, was heard the most wonderful prayer of the ages: "Emanuel! Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me; nevertheless not My will, but Thine be done." uttered whilst His disciples slept but "a stone's cast" away.

Pilgrims in the Street of Pain. With our thoughts turning to the betrayal Peter's denial and his repentance, and the memorable scene in Pilate's judgment hall, we retrace our steps citywards. We have now reached Via Dolorosa, or the "Street of Pain," which is the last of the pilgrims' way.

Being the last of the pilgrims' way, the zig-zag course to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is the road, we are told, along which the Saviour walked to suffer and die for our redemption. It really consists of four characteristic streets, including the narrow, arched passage the open-way with the latticed windows, and the steps that show the rise and fall of the hills on which the city is built.

Fourteen stations mark the various episodes that are supposed to have distinguished the painful journey of our Lord, commencing with the traditional site of Pilate's judgment hall, and ending with the sepulchre where the body of Christ is supposed to have lain. One of our photographs shows the Beco Homo Arch in Via Dolorosa, believed to mark the spot where Pilate uttered the words: "Behold the man!"

We traverse the narrow streets until we come to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the most famous of all the churches in Palestine. It is built over the supposed place of the crucifixion and burial, Helena, the mother of Constantine, founded the church. She came to Jerusalem in the year 45 to mark the site of Calvary, and history tells us how, in a wonderful dream, the exact spot was revealed to her. Here again we cannot be sure of our ground, but

[Continued on Page 18.]



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AS IT APPEARS AT THE PRESENT TIME. Experts say that if Gethsemane was not just at this spot it must have been close by. Here then, or near at hand, was heard that wonderful prayer of submission: "Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done."

# A Page of Army Stories

CONTRIBUTED BY READERS OF "THE WAR CRY."

## SALVATIONIST IN A LUMBER CAMP.

[By Mrs. Adjutant Hoddinott, Dovercourt.]

WHEN Adjutant and I were stationed at Huntsville, the following story was related to us by a comrade who had just returned from the lumber camps of Northern Ontario, and who had heard the facts from the lips of the man who played the principal part. It shows how the possession of The Army spirit by even the humblest of our Soldiers leads them to fight for souls wherever they may be.



The hero of my story, as I may well call him, was Sergeant Major of an Ontario Corps. One winter he went to the lumber camps to work, and he took his Salvation and his aggressive spirit with him. He was not like one of whom I heard, who, when asked how he got on among the lumbermen, replied: "Oh, very well; not one of them knew I was a Christian." No; this Sergeant-Major was a Salvationist in spirit as well as in name.

At the end of the first day's work, when all the men were in the bunk-house preparing to turn in, he pulled out his Bible and commenced to read to himself as his custom was. As he read, the thought came to him that he ought to make some effort to get the men converted. They were a wild and careless lot, and many had already cast sneering remarks at him as they observed him reading.

"Boys," he said, "I'd like to read you a chapter out of this book before we turn in. What do you say?" A roar of laughter went up from the crowd, but just for the novelty of the thing they finally consented to give him a hearing. He read from one of the Gospels, and then asked if they would like to hear him sing. "Go ahead!" they shouted. He sang "Tell me the old, old story of Jesus and His love."

Before he got through many heads were bowed, and there were tears in the eyes of some of the men. The godless company was awed by this man's simple faith, and their hearts were touched by the sweet memories of childhood that the song brought back to them.

The Sergeant-Major saw his chance. "Now, I'm going to pray with you, boys," he said. He knelt down on the bunk-house floor, but he braved a sudden insinuation came to him to sing another song that would remind these rough fellows of the time they knelt at their mother's knees.

"Join with me in singing the sweet little prayer that most of you sang when you were youngsters," he said, and started: "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild."

He had not finished the verse before the song of sobbing began. A hardened sinner had completely broken down. The Sergeant-Major knew how to deal with him—he had brought scores of sinners to Jesus in his Corps—so he was quick to take advantage of the opportunity to give his heart to God right away. The man fell on his knees crying for mercy, and a wonderful prayer meeting went on in that bunk-house in the bunk-rooms. Before it ended eight men had found the Saviour.

And that was really the start of The Army's work in the wilds of Northern Ontario.

## HELPING A LONELY GIRL.

[By Sister Jessie Ross, Ottawa II.]

NOT long ago there came to one of our Canadian cities a young girl named Jenny. She felt very sad at leaving friends and relatives in the Old Land to come to a situation here. Her mistress was kind to her, but still

she felt it keenly to be among strangers, and not to have one instant of help.

One day on answering a ring she found a woman at the door with knitted gloves to sell. Jenny did not want any of the things she had to sell, neither did she care for the woman who was selling. The woman asked her in a kindly way if she was a stranger in the city. Jenny admitted that she was.

"Well, then," said the woman, "I am a widow and a Salvationist, but you are welcome to come to my humble little home whenever you like."

Jenny thanked her and said good-bye. Now long after, feeling very lonesome, she called on her Salvationist friend. There was a feeling of something like dread in her heart, however, as she thought the conversation might turn on spiritual things, and she had no wish to be spoken to about her soul. The fact was she was a backslider.

The Salvationist did not speak to her about her soul, however, that night, but as she shook hands at parting, she simply said, "God bless you dear, come again."

Next time Jenny called on her friend she stayed a little longer, and while they were talking two little boys came into the room. Their mother introduced them, and after a little talk, said: "Now boys, say your prayers and then you can go to bed."

They knelt down and sang, "Jesus knows all about our struggles." Then one of the boys, thinking it was quite the proper thing to do, no doubt, called out to the visitor to pray. Poor Jenny turned hot and cold by turns. What could she do? Then the thought came to her that she could start that moment to serve God afresh. So she began to pray, first of all asking God's blessing on her kind friend, and then asking God to forgive her waywardness and rebuke her and receive her again. In that humble little room she again found peace and joy.



She took much joy after that in attending to the boys' meekness, and now she is a candidate. And all through the kindness of a Salvationist Sister who sought to obey the Master's injunction to be kind to strangers.

## THE CAPTURE OF KELLY.

[By Cadet Harold Fry.]

KELLY was a boozier, and a bad one, too, as his poor wife could testify. In fact, so bad were matters becoming that she was making preparations to leave him, having suffered already at much as she could stand from him. One day in a drunken frenzy he had hurled a knife at her, but fortunately it just missed its mark.

One day as two young Army Bandsmen were going through the streets of the town toward the foundation stone laying of a Citadel, Kelly bumped into them.

"Say, are you coming to The Army tonight?" asked one of the boys.

"Yes, I'll come," replied Kelly.

"Then we'll see you home and bring you to the meeting to-night," said the Bandsmen. Arm in arm with poor Kelly they marched off down the street, and as they went he talked to them. Among other things he told them that his wife had once been a Salvationist. The rest of the story is told in one of the Bandsmen's own words. He says:

"We received a hearty welcome from Mrs. Kelly, and had tea with the family, as we intended to stick to our man, supper or no supper."

"After the meal we convinced the man that God was able to save him, and so all in the house got a little nearer to heaven. Then the struggle began."

"The man was anxious to be saved, but he could not see how he could get right until after

the following Tuesday, as he had challenged any one in the town to meet him. A man had accepted the challenge, and the fight was on the eve of the next Tuesday, and it would make him appear a coward if he did not see the thing through."

"Even then, however, he was willing to be saved. He had been to the ed of the ward, if only God would save him, so I put it off till the next day. I slipped into the fire, and we began to pray for him."



"I ever in our lives it was hard for us to pray, it was then. The devil was suggesting all the time that it was no good praying for this man, who was under the influence of drink. But we held on, and got him to repeat the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'"

"He heard our prayers, and saved his soul, and then he led."

"We took him to the open-air meeting and the inside meeting, and when the invitation was given, our went Kelly to the penitential frame, to make a public confession."

"Then we took him home, and his wife was pleased that she went and took his Sunday clothes out of pawn, and he attended all the meetings on the Sunday."

"On the Tuesday the Ensign in charge went to the house to help him, and he stopped there until after the fight for the boxing match, which did not come off."

"His wife and niece were soon after converted, and now they wear full uniform; while instead of being called 'Drunkard Kelly' he is now 'Happy Bill Kelly.'"

## "WAR CRY" AND JIM'S RE.

[By Ensign Trickey, Bramford.]

THAT'S my position exactly," thought Jim as he looked at the frontispiece of a new issue of the Canadian War Cry, about four years back. The picture showed a young man contemplating suicide; on one side was a stream of water, on the other a train of smoke, and between them the young man stood hesitating. Jim, the subject of our story, was fascinated by the picture for he had felt that only by plunging beneath the water of a nearby stream or by hanging himself in front of an on-rushing express train would he come to an end of all his woes. Jim walked along the street, and still gazing at The Salvation Army periodical, had within him the more dignified appellation of "house."

Our quarters were charitably called a house and not a hut. It consisted of a small room, a floor of straw, and a thatched roof and thatched roof; yet, in view of the fact that it contained two rooms and a small veranda, we felt justified in applying to it the more dignified appellation of "house."

Many Treasured Memories.

And this little place is associated with many treasured memories of the trials and triumphs of these early pioneer days in South India. A distinct recollection is a momentous decision made by Detachment on a certain Easter morning.

He held, it must be remembered, a remunerative position in the Government service, and he was fully intended to return to Borneo to again take up the work which he had only temporarily left. After conversion, both he and his wife were very devoted, and possessing exceptional abilities with a knowledge of the English language, we were anxious that he should give up his position in the Government service and become an Officer in The Army. At that time, however, no Officer received my allowance. Provision was made for their barest needs, but in one of our earliest efforts in the direction of self-support, we were, by leaving from door to door and other means, expected to secure a measure of our own maintenance.

The self-sacrifice which such a measure entailed was too much for the devotion of Detachment, and he had therefore completed arrangements for his return to Borneo. But on the small Easter morning meeting, held shortly before the time of his intended departure, changed his whole future; so that instead of continuing as a comfortably settled Government servant he became a devoted and successful officer in The Army, eventually, after long and valued service, attaining the rank of Major, and at last dying triumphantly bearing the flag.

This particular Easter morning gathering followed. I well recollect a troublesome night. We were called out from our fitful and restless slumbers to attend to a young woman residing near and who had been bitten by a poisonous snake. Some time had passed, however, when we received the message; she was already in a comatose condition, and she died two or three hours after we arrived. She was a cobra—a cobra—district was infested by them—and, although the usual simple and at-hand remedies were applied, it was known that nothing could be done which was likely to counteract the worst effects of the deadly venom.

# DEVASUNDRUM'S CONSECRRATION

An Easter Story of The Army's Pioneering Days in South India.

Recalled by COLONEL BULLARD.

DEVASUNDRUM was a Christian; that is, nominally—he was a born Christian, but was not born again.

His father, a powerful military surgeon, had been for years a dispenser of medicine to the medical service of the native army in India, and the old gentleman was very proud of the fact. Living on a generous pension since his last years, he always held his head erect, carefully trimmed his side whiskers, and was, to the very last, almost lopsidely concerned about every detail of his dress and appearance.

Next to the pride, Devasundrum's father felt in his military standing and record of service, was his high estimate of the importance of his position as chief of the Church with which he was connected. He certainly was a "character," but in spite of some peculiarities and what at times were serious inconsistencies, he was a good old man, and it can safely be said that his children had had the blessing of a Christian birth.

In Government Service.

Consequently Devasundrum, with his brothers and sisters, attended a Christian school, and, considering all the circumstances, received a very good Christian training. The father's position enabled him to secure for each of them a more than ordinary good education and a tolerably fair start of similar material. In the steps of his father, became dispenser in a Mission Hospital, and an elder of the Church; but Devasundrum was trained as a surgeon, and this was his primary occupation, an important post in the service of the British Government in Borneo, one of its Eastern Colonies.

It was while on a visit to his home, in a small South Indian town, that he met The Salvation Army, and as a result became definitely converted. This wife also, it should be noted, decided for Christ at the same time.

We were then pioneering in the district in which Devasundrum's home was situated. Our small Headquarters was located at Ramput, a little town that had once been a native military centre, but which, for sanitary reasons, had now ceased to serve that purpose. The military had removed to another place, and with their departure had also gone the glory and prosperity of the little town.

Our quarters were charitably called a house and not a hut. It consisted of a small room, a floor of straw, and a thatched roof and thatched roof; yet, in view of the fact that it contained two rooms and a small veranda, we felt justified in applying to it the more dignified appellation of "house."

Many Treasured Memories.

And this little place is associated with many treasured memories of the trials and triumphs of these early pioneer days in South India. A distinct recollection is a momentous decision made by Detachment on a certain Easter morning.

He held, it must be remembered, a remunerative position in the Government service, and he was fully intended to return to Borneo to again take up the work which he had only temporarily left. After conversion, both he and his wife were very devoted, and possessing exceptional abilities with a knowledge of the English language, we were anxious that he should give up his position in the Government service and become an Officer in The Army. At that time, however, no Officer received my allowance. Provision was made for their barest needs, but in one of our earliest efforts in the direction of self-support, we were, by leaving from door to door and other means, expected to secure a measure of our own maintenance.

The self-sacrifice which such a measure entailed was too much for the devotion of Detachment, and he had therefore completed arrangements for his return to Borneo. But on the small Easter morning meeting, held shortly before the time of his intended departure, changed his whole future; so that instead of continuing as a comfortably settled Government servant he became a devoted and successful officer in The Army, eventually, after long and valued service, attaining the rank of Major, and at last dying triumphantly bearing the flag.

This particular Easter morning gathering followed. I well recollect a troublesome night. We were called out from our fitful and restless slumbers to attend to a young woman residing near and who had been bitten by a poisonous snake. Some time had passed, however, when we received the message; she was already in a comatose condition, and she died two or three hours after we arrived. She was a cobra—a cobra—district was infested by them—and, although the usual simple and at-hand remedies were applied, it was known that nothing could be done which was likely to counteract the worst effects of the deadly venom.

In further explanation of the hardship involved in Devasundrum's call it should be added that our mud-walled quarters did not contain a scrap of furniture of any kind; we simply had mats, which were spread upon the hardened mud floor and made to do service as bed until night and to rest upon as required by day.

For this Eastern gathering there were assembled, in addition to myself, Lieutenant Yessu Pathman—now Brigadier and Chief Secretary for the South India Territory—several other Officers, and a number of our converts.

It was a soul-moving meeting. The suffer-

ing of Christ on the Cross was contemplated, as well as the victory of His resources over death and the grave. The greatest victories were never preceded, it was suggested, by the greatest sacrifices. In this case, the resurrection was helped to decide, after weeping and agonizing and praying, the spirit of self in Devasundrum—the spirit that seeks first its own comfort—was conquered, and his life was fully consecrated to God and the Salvation War.

## He Never Turned Aside.

From that consecration he never once turned aside, but zealously and unwearingly continuing to toil and sacrifice for the salvation of souls, he became one of the earliest pioneers of The Army's present successful work in South Travancore, Cape Comorin, and also did special work among the Pariahs, or low caste people of Madras.

Devasundrum has now gone Home to his reward, but of him also we may truly say, his works do follow him, and the far-reaching results of that Easter morning consecration are seen in the important part that Devasundrum played in the laying of the foundations of The Army in South India.

## HAPPY "DAD" MADDOCK

A Wonderful Transformation at Fort William

Conversion has been well described in one of its aspects as the only means "by which a really lost person can be changed into a radically good person"; and, again, "as the process, gradual or sudden, by which man consciously wrongs himself, and unconsciously becomes consciously right superior, and happy."

One of the happiest, therefore, because one of the most transformed men in the Dominion of the Eastern Star is "Dad" Maddock, of Fort William.

When, nineteen years ago, Staff-Captain Hayes opened the Corps in this New Ontario town, Maddock was a drunkard, an outcast whom most of the townspeople despised. Certainly the thought of his ever being converted was not occurred to them, even if, in his sober moments, it had to him.

He had previously lived a rough life in the lumber camps, and was a notorious thug in the beginning. He stumbled around town, making a few cents first at this hotel and then at that. But, it was his own words, he could never keep five cents in his pocket—it went at once for drink.

Adrift in the World.

The Officers, having no one to help them in the beginning, got Maddock to do their janitor work at the Hall. He attended most of the meetings, sitting well towards the front, and it soon became evident that his early desires were breaking in upon his darkened intelligence. He had had no training in the things that are good, his mother died when he was a little child, and he was cast adrift alone upon the world's wild seas. If therefore it was necessary to explain, and he was fully intended to return to Borneo to again take up the work which he had only temporarily left. After conversion, both he and his wife were very devoted, and possessing exceptional abilities with a knowledge of the English language, we were anxious that he should give up his position in the Government service and become an Officer in The Army. At that time, however, no Officer received my allowance. Provision was made for their barest needs, but in one of our earliest efforts in the direction of self-support, we were, by leaving from door to door and other means, expected to secure a measure of our own maintenance.

The change in Dad's life was wonderful beyond comparison. He went to work. He became a man in appearance, as well as in character. His disposition, and his happy testimony often included a charmingly simple reference to the fact that although it was impossible for him to keep five cents he had now so many dollars in the bank.

Dad's transformation made a deep impression upon the town. He is loved by his comrades—that is why they call him "Dad," for he is not a family man—and respected by the townspeople.



COLONEL BULLARD AND LIEUT.-COLONEL YAMAMOTO.

Colonel Bullard, who is camped in Canada in the interests of the Army's Missionary Work, was for many years Territorial Leader and was the first to whom came Yamamoto is Chief Secretary.





### III.—IN THE CRUCIBLE.

Among the thousand and one insistent thoughts which crowded mother's mind as to why this strange experience had been permitted to overtake her was the one anxious, burning

# A GALLERY OF WOMEN OFFICERS



MRS. BRIGADIER BAWLING



MRS. LT. COLONEL CHANDLER



MRS. BRIGADIER TAYLOR



MRS. MAJOR BRAD



MRS. COMMISSIONER DEFT



MRS. COLONEL TRIDENT



MRS. MAJOR MORRIS



MRS. BRIGADIER FOREHEN



MRS. BRIGADIER GREEN



MRS. BRIGADIER FIDDY



MRS. MAJOR MCLEAN



MRS. MAJOR TAYLOR



MRS. MAJOR MORRIS



THE WOMEN AT THE TOMB OF THE RISEN SAVIOUR.  
"And the Angel answered, Fear not! He is not here: for He is risen."

# 'BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN'

DEDICATED TO ALL WHO HAVE WORN THE CAP OR BONNET

**I**N all the world there is only one Home where the door swings wide open simply because the stranger says, "I am a sinner: I have no money: I have no friends: I am in despair." That Home is The Salvation Army. Up and down the countries we have travelled have we met any as kind and quick to help without question or price as The Army? Do you remember the welcome it gave us when we tapped at its door—no, we did not tap. Do not let us forget that. We were not concerned about anything except getting the most we could out of life, but The Army thought we ought to have the Best. It sought us, taught us, lifted our dusty, dirty, gutter-bound thoughts up to another World, showed us brightness, peace, and a magnificent existence; proved there was a Living God and Saviour to save us; held a Light that revealed our sinfulness; led us to the Cross; rejoiced over us as if we were princes and princesses, and had done some great thing; took us into the beautiful Army Family Circle; gave us friendship, care, and put us on our feet morally and financially. Oh, the friendly Salvation Army! We might have been its long-lost

not of our very best, and it is to be hoped the wretch will not do anything or say anything to shame us?" The Army, instead, shook hands with us, patted us on the back, had a little praise for our noble appearance, and never hinted or thought that we were not its equals and, perhaps better in the sight of God. Humble, trusting, brotherly Army!

We progressed and improved under The Army's teaching. Didn't we? Were not our brains developed, talents discovered in us we did not dream we owned, the experience and skill of hundreds of other lives and souls given to us freely, and many things instilled that made us reliant, responsible, alert persons of some value to ourselves and the world? The Army's recognition for all that is good became ours. Didn't it? People trusted and believed in us because we belonged to The Salvation Army. Didn't they?

Those were very good days, prosperous and contented, full of singing and God's Presence. The men and women we sought to bring to Christ—where are they now? Some of them are anxious to do for us as we did for them. We

were in fault. They always are. We were (and are) almost perfect, aren't we? Aren't we? So we have a right to expect (and get) perfection in others, haven't we? We did not go back on God and The Army. God and The Army that had done so much for us, borne so much from us, went back on us. Didn't they? If we can say "yes" truthfully to that question we can also add that we are the only individuals who have received bad usage in return for good service to our Maker and to the Organization called The Salvation Army. . . . The world seemed cold after we returned to it. The warmth of The Army fireside we have often regretted. In The Army there were work and interests that kept us brisk, energetic, and young. We are now somewhat staid and elderly, aren't we? Our looks and capabilities are a trifle tarnished, and our spiritual senses dulled and cooled over with worldliness and selfish habits. The most favourable estimate would not say we were worth a great deal. We have gone down hill in all points since we left The Army. Haven't we?

These are sad reflections. There are sadder. There is a day coming when we shall be worth

children by the way it guided and helped, advised, and protected, during those first moments of our conversion, mightn't we?

Had any, save God and our mother, had such patience with us as The Army? How long was it before we took to criticizing it and dragging up every old lie and fibel we could find for it to explain and deny? Did it get angry or refuse to say anything, or declare we were wasting its time in pettinances that had been answered thousands of times? We knew it did not. When we went yearning after old sins and old gaieties, who came and knelt beside us and fought the silly battle with us (for silly it is to think God's service harder and less merry than the Devil's)? The Army. When we backslid and would not try to get out of the mud, who brought us to reason, washed away the stains, started us afresh at the Cross, and behaved as if we were precious jewels and it was our keeper and God's steward? Wasn't it The Army?

After we began to learn for ourselves at the Feet of Jesus how to be His Soldiers, who had faith and trust enough in us to give us important work or posts in the Corps? The Army. Did The Army object to such a lot as we were calling ourselves by its hoarse name and linking ourselves on to the holy, unselfish, true, clever people, who have made that name glorious all round the globe? No. When we got into uniform did The Army show timidity and think: "Here is this good-for-nothing wearing clothes like us, and nobody can tell he or she is

do not allow them, however. Do we? Have we been so happy as we were in The Army? Are we as serene in our souls when we think of God, Heaven, Death, Hell, as we were then? Are our lives as peaceful? Our hearts and lives as clean? Are we of as much use to others? Do our neighbours think of God and their souls when they see us now, and wish they were marching with us? Do we sometimes look back wistfully, sadly, thinking, "I was on the right road then; God was with me then"? Do our poor souls plead, "This is not like The Army's religion. I do not grow in grace as I did. I am striving to wards God—Oh, let me go in The Army's way to the Cross where I first saw the Light"? Do our souls say that?

What are we doing here—where are we? Have the husband, wife, sweetheart, home, business, promotion, pride, pleasure, comfort, clothing, ambition, been worth what we paid for them? For what have we sold The Army? Where is the Cap, the Bonnet? Where is the dear, blessed Uniform that cried aloud from us to every passer-by: "Here is a soldier of Christ! Speak to him or her of your need and sorrow: The Army will help, and you will find peace in God"? Do our clothes say that now? What sort of faces have we grown since we left The Army? If we die suddenly will our record (and it is the record that matters the moment this life ends) look as it would have done if we had died in The Army?

Our manner of leaving The Army was not of much credit to us, was it? Of course, others

nothing; when a living dog will be of more use than our corpses awaiting burial. All our interests then will be in the next world and God. What is the use of the remainder of our earthly lives? Are they of any value to anybody or anything?

Yes, God and The Army still think them worth continual love, patience, and effort. Jesus Christ knows no age limit in the creatures for whose Salvation He suffered, was crucified, and ever lives. The Army never shuts its door. The firelight, the warm welcome, the honest, hearty comrades are all within—waiting and ready for us. We are growing old and old-fashioned to the world. The Army says: "God bless you! We are all His children (even the runaways), and though you have lost your first place and somebody else has filled it and done your work, here is another for you. It is sorrowful you have misused so much, but do all you can for God now." We must confess our wrongdoing, take back as far as we can all ill we have spoken or caused, and then—"Down at the Cross where we first saw the Light," Salvation and peace will come to us again. If we are young, there is less reason to hesitate. Before we make entire wrecks of our lives, let us hurry to the nearest Corps, make full confession and restitution, and begin again, doing the lowliest tasks for the love of Jesus. The world needs us to be saved. God needs our consecrated lives, and The Army will give us opportunities to labour for others.

Who am I? Never you mind! "I'm back to The Army again." Are you?

# THE MAN FOR CANADA

## I.—A MAN OF BRAIN.

**THE MAN FOR CANADA** will be a Man of Brain.

He must have a vivid perception of the moral and spiritual needs of the people, if he fail to realize those needs, how can he hope successfully to minister to them?

He must be a far-seeing man who is able to look ahead, so that he may read the signs of the times, and to look behind so that he may trace the lesson of The Army's past—the significance of its fightings, its experiments, its victories, its defeats, and the persecutions it has endured.

He must be a man who does not put his thinking out to be done by others. And he must try to think straight—to realize that only certain consequences can flow from certain acts, no matter how he wishes it might be otherwise.

He must be willing to learn. There is a great difference between supposing one is willing to be taught and the actual willingness. The whole world is at the feet of the man who is always learning as he goes.

He must have the education which practical common-sense imparts. He may be inexperienced, but if he is thoroughly alert, first-hand experience and the hard facts of life and Salvation Army warfare will instruct him. Canada puts great faith in education. He himself, while placing greater importance on other essentials, must not overlook education.

He must be able to adapt himself and his methods to the immediate needs of the people and the conditions in which he is at work.

The far-flung Canadian Territory embraces widely differing regions, calling for widely different treatment. The Yukon and Bernholm, British Columbia and Newfoundland, The Eastern, the Central, and the Prairie Provinces. How could one strictly apply the same methods in the same way to each and all?

And some of these Provinces are new. In their youth what an open-door they present to The Army Officer who is able and willing to adapt himself to their new and growing needs!

The Man of Brain will take hold of the means already provided by the Organization: he will apply them, using them to the fullest extent, without thinking of impossibilities. He will not, like the Indian railway servant who wired to his superiors: "Tiger eating station master—send instructions!" sit down and wait.

[The Salvation Army in the Canadian Territory is on the lookout for a Man. (In this article we use the word "Man" in the general sense of "Officer". And most of what we submit as essential to the character of the Man applies with equal force to that of the Woman for Canada. The exceptions will be so evident.)

He must conform to a certain type. Not anyone will do. The Army already has some that exactly answer to this required type. What are the characteristics that must mark out this man from the multitude?

We name some of them below. It will at once be seen that they are qualities which have in days gone by made Army Officers loved and honoured in all parts of the Territory.—Ed.]

## II.—A MAN OF HEART.

The Man for Canada will be a Man of Heart. He will so deeply and so acutely feel the sins and sorrows of the people as to carry them upon his own heart.

Whoever he sees or knows of human suffering or sorrow, no matter what the cause, his compassion will be stirred, and what his brain, his intelligence, may not enable him to do by way of relief, his tender sympathies, his big heart, will help him to accomplish.

He will visit the people in their own homes, in the workshops, in the fields, in the hospitals, in the prisons, so that he may learn first hand what are their trials and temptations, their joys and sorrows, their pleasures and disappointments.

Sincerity will therefore be the magic key with which he will open even the most tightly-closed door.

He will love the lost and fallen, the friendless and degraded, with a love like that of His Saviour Christ.

He will hold the women of The Army in the highest esteem, and will unflinchingly and ungrudgingly give them the position that is their due.

He will love little children and young people, and always exert himself to the utmost to further their interests.

## III.—A MAN OF GOD.

The Man for Canada will be a Man of God. He will be a man of Prayer and Faith, of Holy Living and Tireless Energy.

He will realize that excellent as are our Local Officers, our Bands, our Singing Brigades, neither they are men and women of God he had after all, better be without them. That splendid as our flags and uniforms and demonstrations may be, they would only advertise weakness if they were not vivified by the spirit of true religion—the Spirit of God.

That perfect though our Organization may be, it will be dead and worse than useless unless the living Almighty God be in it all.

That nothing can ever make up, either in the man's own heart and life and in his Corps, for the absence of the Fire of the Holy Ghost.

He will therefore work with God, in earnest harmony with the Divine plan and purpose.

He will have a sensitive conscience, and will be most afraid of grieving the Spirit of God by failing in ready obedience, by active disobedience, or by some hidden sin.

He will live up to the highest level of his consecration, and despise the pleasures, the follies, and the most alluring rewards that this world can offer.

He will live in the essential things, and will endure, "as seeing Him Who is invisible."

In this he will be a man of courage—the courage which will risk all that he has or ever hopes to have—the courage that will be willing to be crucified a fool for His sake.

The standard is too high, do you say? Never! We might make it higher, and still it would be within reach of the humble, simple, earnest man whose heart God has touched with Divine compassion.

Say not, "It is impossible," but rather, with faith in God, declare, "The thing impossible shall be—All things are possible to me!"

## OUR CALVARIES.

OUR crosses are born from different trees. But we all must have our Calvaries; We may climb the height from a different side.

But we each go up to be crucified: As we scale the steep, another may share The dreadful load that our shoulders bear. But the costliest sorrow is all our own—For on the summit we bleed alone.



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES AS SEEN FROM JERUSALEM. Photo, American Colony, Jerusalem. "If the cities of Palestine have changed with the face of time, its mountains and hills have the same as when Christ gazed upon it." See Page 51.





his loved ones again, and then became a Soldier of the Corps. He secured a position of trust with a large firm in the city. Once did old craving come back, and Jim almost fallen again, but with his tears streaming down his cheeks on heeded knees in the quarters resolved to take a tighter grip—of the Hand of Him who “has in points been tempted like as we.”



## Gallery of Women Officers

[Continued from Page 20.]

MRS. MAJOR FRANK MORRIS.

MRS. MAJOR BARR

She holds strong convictions about the proper care of an Officer's quarters, and the importance of mothers giving due care to the training and oversight of their children. Her many years of service in different branches of army work have given her a fund of actual experience which is invaluable in her present position.

And build it up anew.

## Summer Hats and Caps

Band Summer Caps, White Duck, lined, red silk band and crest.....	\$1.25
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Bandsmen's Regulation Cap, red silk band, crest, latest style.....	\$2.25
F. O.'s Regulation Cap, red silk band and crest.....	\$2.25

JUST TO HAND

### SAMPLES ON APPLICATION

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# JAMAICA · LOVELY TROPIC ISLE

A LOOK AT ITS BEAUTY, ITS KINDLY,  
COURAGEOUS, AND PICTURESQUE  
PEOPLE; AND A DESCRIPTION OF  
SALVATION ARMY WARFARE



*FINE GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVE OFFICERS WORKING IN JAMAICA.*



*MOTHER AND CHILDREN  
WATCHING THE ARMY MARCH*



*WEST INDIAN PEASANTS AMONGST WHOM  
THE ARMY CAPTAINS ON EXTENSIVE WORK*



*FAMILY GROUP OF CREOLE  
SALVATIONISTS*



*JAMAICA'S LUXURIANT VERDURE - A TYPICAL ROADSIDE SCENE*